a generall prayſe to her, and care in vs, at whoſe expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doeſt with thy Angels face ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that ſuperſticiouſly
Doe ſweare too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduiſe.

Gower. Thustime we waſte, and long leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockles, haue and wiſh but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vſe one language, in each ſeuerall clime.
Where our ſcenes ſeemes to liue,
I doe beſeech you
To learne of me who ſtand with gappes
To teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtorie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To ſee his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie eſtate.
Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moats an ſhadowes, ſee them
Moue a while.
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon ſhewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on ſack-cloth, and in a mightie paſſion departs.*

Gower. See how beleefe may ſuffer by fowle ſhowe,
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in ſorrowe all deuour'd,
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares ore-ſhowr'd.
Leaue *Tharſus*, and againe imbarks, he ſweares
Neuer to waſh his face, nor cut his haires:
Hee put on ſackcloth and to Sea he beares,
A Tempeſt which his mortall veſſell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now pleaſe you wit:
The Ephitaph is for *Marina* write, by wicked *Dionyza*.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies heere,
Who withered in her ſpring of yeere:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this ſlaughter:
Marina was ſhe call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud ſwallowed ſome part ath earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed.
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens beſtowed.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſheele neuer ſtint,
Make raging Battrie vpon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as ſoft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courſe to be ordered;
By Ladie *Fortune*, while our ſtteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2 *Gent.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo